

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, J. ELIZABETH JONES, Editors.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:—Samuel Brooke, James Barnaby, Jr., David L. Galbreath, Let Holmes.

From the *Liberator*,
British Philanthropy.

Our readers have already been apprised, that the friends of negro emancipation, in Great Britain, desirous of aiding in the peaceful extinction of the execrable system of slavery which is nourished in this country, and especially of presenting to Frederick Douglass a token of their sympathy, regard, and appreciation of his talents and labors, have resolved to procure for him a printing press and other materials, to enable him to publish an anti-slavery journal in the United States. The following advertisement we copy from Howitt's Journal:

SUBSCRIPTION FOR FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The outrage offered to the colored race in the person of this distinguished and amiable member of that race, on quitting our shores, has properly roused the indignation of every friend of freedom. There is a general feeling that some striking testimony against this truckling, on the part of Englishmen and chartered servants of our Queen, to the worst prejudice of the Americans, and in favor of the noble-minded Douglass and his oppressed fellows, should be given. It is thought that as Frederick Douglass goes to his native land, not only as a champion of the black Americans, but as the certain object of attack and contumely from the worst portion of the white Americans, it is both fitting and highly desirable to put into his hands a weapon not only of defense, but of victory. That weapon, of all others, is a PRINTING PRESS! Armed with this, he may fight out bravely the great battle of freedom for the slave, and respect for the free man of color. Let every enemy of slavery—every friend of justice, and of God's truth—up! and aid this great effort! Lists for subscriptions are opened—from a shilling upwards. Let every man and woman, according to ability, throw down his offering, and a great act of national honor will be accomplished—a great blow be struck at the root of slavery, and of the taskmaster's pride!

Subscriptions are received at Howitt's Journal Office, 171 Strand; or by post-office orders, or otherwise, addressed to the Editors. These will be forwarded to the general Treasurer of the Fund, and a list of all subscribers will be published.

In the People's Journal of the present month, we find the following article:

AN 'ALBION' PRESS FOR FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The proposition to raise a fund to present F. Douglass with a press, type, &c., originated with an esteemed lady of Newcastle-on-Tyne—the same benevolent individual who proposed and accomplished F. D.'s ransom from the despotic grasp of the slaveholder. She conceived the excellent idea of having an Anti-Slavery paper, edited by F. Douglass, and worked by colored people—so that the negro population might have an organ peculiarly their own, in which to express their thoughts, desires, and woes, in their own way, under the intelligent guidance of F. Douglass, their successful and worthy champion. The plan has matured for some time—and the warmest friends of the negro race have been consulted upon the subject. It was thought, however, advisable to make Douglass's departure for America the season of public appeal in his behalf. Prior to his leaving England, the object was named to him, with the view of ascertaining whether it would accord with his taste and feelings to be the editor of a paper. His reply was at once conclusive—deciding it to be the object of his highest ambition to serve his oppressed brethren, by advocating their rights through the press. Eliza Burritt and other friends were also consulted, and friendly suggestions received from all—the result being the proposition which is now before the public. It is calculated that 500£ will purchase a good iron press, sufficient type, and supply a small capital to commence the work. The subscriptions are going on most satisfactorily. Let us invite our readers to cast in their mite to aid this noble purpose. Subscriptions may be addressed to our care, or to Mr. H. Richardson, 5, Summerhill-grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; from whom subscription papers may be obtained by those who feel disposed to act as collectors. Some of our 'moulders,' we hope, will devise and cast a suitable device to ornament the head of the press. A neat wood engraving to embellish the head of the paper (probably a double demy sheet), from some willing hand, will also serve to show our sympathy with the oppressed. A Typo informs us that he intends to give a substantial mallet and shooting-stick to unlock the fetters of the slave, and another promises a pincer, of good English oak, to help level the slave system!

It is with great pleasure that the friends of Mr. Douglass, in this country, have seen this evidence of regard for him personally, and of a desire to aid him in the most efficient manner in their struggle for the liberation and elevation of the colored population; but there are circumstances which render it inexpedient, in their opinion, to make such a present as is generously contemplated;—; e. in that precise form. It seems to be the impression of our trans-atlantic coadjutors, that there is not a single newspaper either published or edited by any colored person in the United States; and hence their laudable desire to see one established, under one so gifted as Mr. Douglass. But they labor under a mistake. Already, there are not less than four such papers, devoted to the interests of the colored population, and exclusively conducted by intelligent colored men—viz: 'The Disfranchised American,' published in Cincinnati; 'The Mystery,' in Pittsburgh; 'The Ram's Horn,' in the city of New York; and the 'National Watchman,' in Troy. Three of these have been commenced during the present year, and all of whom are conducted with sufficient talent to reflect credit on their enterprising projectors. They fully demonstrate the capacity of the colored population for freedom, and are probably quite as numer-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 49.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 101.

us as can secure a living patronage at present.

Since Mr. Douglass has returned home, he has ascertained these facts, and that the ground which he expected to occupy, with striking conspicuity, is no longer vacant; and hence, we are informed by him, he has deemed it both prudent and proper to suggest to his British friends the inexpediency of sending over to him the noble gift which they contemplated bestowing upon him.

Under all the circumstances of the case, we fully coincide with him in judgment. Even if there were not so many papers already established by colored men, we are apprehensive that his public usefulness would be abridged, rather than extended, by an attempt to carry on a mechanical business with which he has no practical acquaintance, and the prosecution of which might, in the end be attended with pecuniary embarrassment to himself.

It would be extremely difficult, if not impracticable, for him to superintend the editing and publishing of a newspaper, and at the same time to occupy the field as a public lecturer, to any considerable extent.

He may find it necessary to use his pen—an instrument which he wields with much skill and effect

—there are numerous anti-slavery journals which at all times would gladly publish his productions, and thus secure for them a wide circulation. But it is as a lecturer, that his extraordinary powers can be the most successfully employed for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause. In that department of labor, the peculiar circumstances of his case—his personal sufferings and experience as a slave—his fluency, address and eloquence—his notoriety and widely increasing popularity—all combine to leave him without a rival, and to render even a partial withdrawal from it, for any other purpose, a loss to our cause.—Whatever time, therefore—aside from the duties devolving upon him as a husband and a father—he can devote to addressing public assemblies of the people, in various parts of this widely extended country, in behalf of his enslaved brethren, will unquestionably be occupied in the best possible manner, and to the greatest advantage.

As Mr. Douglass has suggested to his English friends the expediency of abandoning their design to present him with a press, &c., no doubt they will gratify their philanthropic spirit in another form.

From the *Liberty Advocate*.
Democracy of the South.

LETTER FROM GOV. BROWN OF MISSISSIPPI, TO GOV. SMITH OF VIRGINIA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, 7 Jackson, Mississippi, April 15, 1847.

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter covering the resolutions of the General Assembly of Virginia, on the subject of slavery, and requesting me to lay them before the Legislature of Mississippi—a request with which I shall with great cheerfulness comply when our Legislature assemble. This will not be until January, 1848.

It affords me pleasure to say in advance that the resolutions will meet a hearty response from both political parties in this State. Firm in their tone, elevated in sentiment, dignified in their expression, and reflecting clearly and cogently the feelings of every Southern man on the delicate and deeply interesting subject of which they treat, they will, I sincerely trust, check our Northern friends in their bold career, and cause them to reflect before they force the South to the last extremity. When Abolitionism first disturbed the quiet of the South, our people gave way to passion, and in terms fierce and bitter denounced the fanaticism which thus sought to disturb their domestic tranquility.

No appeal was deemed necessary at that time; no argument was resorted to, because, in the first moment of indignation excitement, the South felt that she could not discuss such a question without admitting the right of the North to call in question the propriety of her institutions, which she was indisposed to do.

She made no appeal to what she deemed an excess of fanaticism. But things are changed.

The movements of New York and Pennsylvania, in and out of Congress, the evident pandering of Presidential aspirants to the favor of Abolition, has dissipated the first feeling of confident expectation that this, like other heresies, would expire of its own excesses, and the feeling of irritation has subsided into one of calm and dispassionate determination—first, to exhaust all the resources of reason and argument, in exhorting our Northern brethren to let us alone on this subject; and if these fail, if the spirit of Abolition invade the councils of the nation, prompting the strong party to wrest from the weak the fruits of its soil, its property, the peaceable possession of which was guaranteed by the Constitution, then, deplorable as may be the consequences, we will feel prepared, having exhausted every fraternal remedy, to become enemies, and defend our rights with those means which God and nature has placed in our hands.

If other men will force this sad catastrophe upon us, it is our duty to watch its approach and be prepared to meet it. The South must be united. The South will be united in the next Presidential election, if this whole question is not unequivocally withdrawn from the contest, by a pledge categorically made to abstain from all disturbance of interference on the question of slavery during the Presidential term. No man who sympathizes with the sentiments put forth in the "Wilmett Proviso," ought to have, nor in my opinion can get, a single electoral vote from the Southern States. I know he cannot get a vote from Mississippi. We may not be in favor of establishing the Rio Grande as the western boundary, up to parallel 36 degrees, and thence to the Pacific; but we will not submit to be told that slave territory is not to be acquired on this or on the other side of that line. On this subject there is no division of sentiment in Mississippi. It is common ground on which Whigs and Democrats cordially unite.

It is with great pleasure that the friends of Mr. Douglass, in this country, have seen this evidence of regard for him personally, and of a desire to aid him in the most efficient manner in their struggle for the liberation and elevation of the colored population; but there are circumstances which render it inexpedient, in their opinion, to make such a present as is generously contemplated;—; e. in that precise form. It seems to be the impression of our trans-atlantic coadjutors, that there is not a single newspaper either published or edited by any colored person in the United States; and hence their laudable desire to see one established, under one so gifted as Mr. Douglass. But they labor under a mistake. Already, there are not less than four such papers, devoted to the interests of the colored population, and exclusively conducted by intelligent colored men—viz: 'The Disfranchised American,' published in Cincinnati; 'The Mystery,' in Pittsburgh; 'The Ram's Horn,' in the city of New York; and the 'National Watchman,' in Troy. Three of these have been commenced during the present year, and all of whom are conducted with sufficient talent to reflect credit on their enterprising projectors. They fully demonstrate the capacity of the colored population for freedom, and are probably quite as numer-

The period is approaching when we shall be called upon to make a selection of a Presidential candidate. It is impossible to see what four years may bring forth. Mighty revolutions in England, France, and other countries, have taken place in much less time, and we are now at that point from which it may be disastrous in the last degree to make one step forward without having first prepared the ground. I am opposed—and in this I think I but echo the common sentiment in Mississippi—is going into convention with our Northern brethren, without a prior distinct understanding that the candidate selected must not only be sound on this subject, but beyond the taint of suspicion.

If an Abolitionist, even in the modified form of a "Wilmett Proviso" man, is elevated to the Presidency, (which may God in his mercy prevent,) the South owes it to her domestic quiet, to the conduct which such an event may force her to adopt, to have no part or lot in the election of such a President.

I am quite sure that our Northern brethren will yet do us the justice to yield to our reasonable demands. We have not asked for money nor patronage; we have not asked for partial legislation to protect our labor; we have only asked to be let alone. A request so surely not to be denied; if it is, we owe it to ourselves to take care that the denial shall come through a President of our own choosing. Be future events what they may, Mississippi will stand by Virginia in maintaining her recently adopted resolutions, as she has always stood by her in support of her resolutions of '99.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. G. BROWN.

His Excellency, Wm. SMITH,

Governor of Virginia.

From the *Liberator*.

Reformers.

The philosophical editor of the National Era, having located himself at Washington, in the District of Columbia—the "capital" resort of the soul-buyers and coffee-drivers of the South, and the spot on which are located the national slave-prisons—is so little disturbed by any thing that he sees or hears around him, that he finds ample leisure to draw the "PORTRAITS OF REFORMERS" with just enough of caricature, and sufficiently spiced with innuendo, to make them highly agreeable to every cool and calculating conservati-

ve in the land, who, while he is as much in favor of true reform as any body, (if you will take his word for it,) is very far from being either an agitator or a fanatic. An effort like this—such a crisis in the struggle of the week against the mighty to give deliverance to the oppressed—if made by the editor of the New York Observer or the New England Puritan, would excite no surprise, and probably elicit no remark. As it might seem insulting to suppose that the editor of the Era meant to describe himself in any one of his sketches of those whom he designates as either "constitutionally hot-headed and hasty"—or with little of the milk of human kindness in their hearts, and an irascible temper—"or an narrow-minded, who feel, but do not reason"—or who are "constitutional declaimers, and dealers in tropes and figures, living only in a tempest"—or who are "metaphysical reformers and creed-men"—or who are self-sufficient, ambitious, and who continue battling from habit, an appetite for excitement, and a love of leadership"; and as the aforesaid editor is too modest to allow us to suppose that he was describing himself in his portrait of the "true reformer," who is the perfection of wisdom and goodness, we beg leave to add another to our subject.

P. S. More discretion will be required in this attempt than in the former.

bad luck. If his apostles were regarded as disorganizers and madmen, and ranked among the offscouring of all things, it was because they had an appetite for excitement, and a horror of obscurity. They evidently coveted persecution, to increase their consequence, and make their names an abiding presence in the minds of their followers. Nay, they often "magnified their sacrifices and sufferings," in a vain-glorious spirit. One of them paraded their experience, as reformers, as follows: "We are made spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men, (what insufferable egotism!)—Even unto this present hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place—we are made as the fifth of the world"—(so much for ranting, dealing in personalities, and lacking in sound discretion!) On another occasion, he ostentatiously declared—

"Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes, save one; three times I was beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in perils of robbers, in perils of waters, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the Heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness." Clearly, he was a "self-sufficient and ambitious reformer," who, in "warring against the wrongs of others, neglected his own heart, till he knew not what manner of spirit he was of." The fault of all these reformers was, "in judging of men, they left out of the account the influences under which their views and habits had been formed; they were not philosophical; they had neither refinement of taste, nor equanimity of spirit.

And so of the martyrs of old, of Tyndale, Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Fox, &c. &c.

How lamentable that they had not the editor of the National Era to show them how to proceed without excitement or opprobrium, and to bear the lion in his den without extorting even a growl.

N. B. As the editor of the Era has finished his "PORTRAITS OF REFORMERS," he next gives his patrons the lineaments of the human kidnappers by whom he is surrounded, and the wolves in sheep's clothing who regularly officiate in the pupits in Washington!

P. S. More discretion will be required in this attempt than in the former.

From the *Chronotype*.

Money against Morals.

I am not about to perpetrate a sermon upon the trite text, that money is the root of all evil, nor do I intend to indulge in any pharisaical cast upon the selfish propensities which prevail among us in the scramble for wealth; for in this respect, I do not suppose that this age or this community differs very essentially from other times and other communities; but I wish only to note two circumstances which have recently occurred in this our very good city, which will show pretty conclusively, I think, that the love of money over-rides moral influences a little more decidedly than most of us are apt to imagine, and that the most decided iniquity that is available, to make or save money, may be practised among us with the greatest impunity, even though in other cases it may meet the reprobation it deserves. But to our subject.

The managing officer of one of the moneyed institutions of this city, a man of far more ordinary intellectual ability and acquirements, and who contains but little of the individual capital, and appropriate to his own use, or private earnings, a balance of the bank, with the business affairs of which, he was intrusted.

Upon the discovery of this embezzlement, deep penitence was manifested by the delinquent, the most prompt and ample restitution made, and the strongest appeals for mercy preferred. As an erring man who has suffered the punishment of an accusing conscience, and who must continue to feel the pangs of remorse, and mortifications of pride, it could be wished that some little abatement of the open and general indignation might be extended to him, especially by his brother Shylocks of the street, between whom and himself perhaps, after all, there may not be much more intrinsic difference than is supposed.

He is complete in all things, wanting nothing. He aspires to be a philosopher, and can look on slave shambles, and the sale of human beings at public vendue, and hear the clanking of chains, and the cries of outraged humanity, with philosophical composure. Too phlegmatic or too calculating to be hurried into any excess of speech or language by generous impulses, he prides himself upon the fact that no charge of fanaticism can be justly alleged against him. Propriety is with him, what instinct was to Falstaff, a great matter. Though ostensibly engaged in one of the most exciting reforms, and seeking the overthrow of one of the most despotic systems that the pages of history record—and though voluntarily assuming a position among bloody and cruel men, which, if occupied in the spirit of Christian heroism, must excite against him intense hostility—he manages so discreetly, writes so smoothly, utters himself so insinuously, and studies to behave so gentlemanly that he creates no alarm, excites no clamor, and is regarded even by the traffickers in human flesh with stolid indifference. And this he considers the true way of conducting a reformatory movement!

In the plenitude of his wisdom, he is satisfied that nothing but courtesy is the one thing needful to put tyrants on their good behavior, and make the path of reform smooth and flowery. If the old prophets found themselves in hot water, it was their fault.

They were indiscreet in their acts, abusive in their language, and sweeping in their condemnation. If Jesus roused up against himself the wrath of the chief priests, scribes and pharisees, and subjected himself to an ignominious crucifixion, it was because he had more zeal than discretion. Unfortunately, he had not the light which signifies the present "Era." He meant well, but he had

pillory upon ordinary offenders; but the successful kidnapper, the cool perpetrator of a crime next to murder, can parade 'the street' with entire impunity,' 'cock his beaver' in the face of day with perfect nonchalance, and mingle, hail fellow, well met, 'where merchants most do congregate.'

Here is a distinction, monstrous and palpable, made between two crimes, and the worst of it is, that the one of far greater turpitude meets with sympathy and approval, instead of condemnation and punishment from the public voice. He who steals a man, and dooms him to hopeless and horrid bondage, meets no general rebuke from this Christian and Republican community; while he who fleches money commits so gross an offense against the God of our idolatry, that he can never show his face in the marts of trade, or in the congregations of the pious.

Upon such mockery of justice, pseudo Christianity, false honor, and such a perverted sense of right and wrong!

Not respect whatever can be felt for the moral judgment of a community, which gloats with sanctimonious satisfaction over the punishment of Philip Maree, while it sympathizes with the impunity awarded to John H. Pearson; nor can the least confidence be placed in the conservatism of the Law, when the Temple of Justice itself is so polluted and controlled by a base public sentiment, that its priests and officials shut their eyes upon a crime of the deepest dye, and refuse to take cognizance of an iniquity which harmonizes with the supposed pecuniary interests of the community.

JAY.

Exhibition of Slavery.

An Anti-Slavery work is still going on in the world. From various quarters the tidings come to us, that the system is tottering or falling. Recent accounts from Smyrna, state that the slave trade of Egypt has received a death blow. The government has issued an edict for the abolition of slavery at the end of fifty days. Of course the slave market felt the stroke at once, and there was an immediate decline of sixty per cent. in the prices. Purchasers, even at this reduced price, all stood aloof.

In New Grenada the demand for the entire abolition of slavery is rising. A writer in one of their late journals urges a speedy extinction of the system. He says:

"That slavery is as injurious to the proprietors of slaves as it is to society, and that an immense amount of wealth will disappear from New Grenada if the present slow and destructive plan for its abolition is continued. The emancipation of the children,

COMMUNICATIONS.

Slave Labor Products---No. 1. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Friends Editors:—

Having, as your readers may infer from your editorials of the last two weeks, had some difficulty in getting access to your readers through the columns of the Bugle, and I suppose entirely debarred from a hearing through the Liberator, I must ask for a little more space than would otherwise be necessary, for prefatory remarks.

[We omit here a portion of our correspondent's preface, inasmuch as it relates to a matter which he was told in a private interview we thought would be out of place in our columns—nor is the part omitted need to give a correct understanding of his Free Produce views.—Eds.]

I consider the American Anti-Slavery Society under obligations, not only to admit, but to encourage the discussion of, and to advocate, the Free Labor question.

And especially is the Western A. S. Society bound to do this. When this Society received its impulse by the visit of Abby Kelley in 1845, the Declaration of Sentiment and Constitution of the present Society, formed in 1833, was read in the Convention held in New Lisbon, and re-adopted by the same, as the acknowledged embodiment of the principles, doctrines and measures of this Society.—Among the measures which stand prominent in that declaration of sentiment, is the following, “We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions.”

At the Convention of the Western Society held at New Garden last year, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we believe it our duty to abstain as far as practicable from the fruits of slaves' labor, and encourage the labor of freemen.”

By the published proceedings of this Convention in the Bugle of June 25, 1846, it will be seen that this resolution “passed with scarcely a dissenting voice”! An editorial in the same paper says it passed “with much unanimity.”

[A few lines also omitted here.—Eds.]

THE DECLENSION.

Whenever the Am. A. S. Society has added to its policy any new measure, or modified any of its old ones, the subject of such change has always been a theme of much discussion; sometimes almost to the exclusion of the direct question. The change now attempted to be effected in relation to the free produce question, constitutes a remarkable exception to this rule. Even W. L. Garrison, who once maintained that the doctrine of abstinence from slave labor was a duty as clear as that of abstinence from slaveholding—“a self-evident truth,” now takes a contrary position, and in doing so, declares in plain terms, his unwillingness either to discuss the subject or grant the use of his paper for the privilege of such discussion!!

It is thus that “self-evident truths are to be disposed of by abolitionists! If this be so, and the evidence that it is need not now be disputed, we may not only hear of the Disunion doctrine being abandoned to-morrow, (for it never has, nor never will be claimed to be based on a self-evident truth,) but the abandonment of the idea of the slave's inalienable right to liberty, may with equal propriety be surrendered, for that is nothing more than a “self-evident truth.”

But strange as it may seem, soon after W. L. Garrison's views became changed, we discovered one by one, without a public discussion of the question, with no circulation of anti-free labor tracts, the anti-slavery men and women dropping off!

The Am. Free Produce Society lost several of their active members, their names and their arguments, the latter unanswered and unanswerable, and both as monuments of their apostasy from the doctrine so triumphantly maintained by many of our ablest anti-slavery writers, are yet to be seen upon the records.

The few reasons which have been advanced against the free labor subject, being evidently the best that can be advanced, it is my purpose in these essays to review, not so much because of the sources from which they emanate, as for the purpose which they are intended to subserve, and the use made of them.

Whatever goes to discourage the manufacture of free produce, goes so far to encourage that of slave labor, and to encourage the latter, is to aid oppression.

W. M. LLOYD GARRISON.

The editor of the Liberator, W. L. Garrison, in his remarks on the free produce question, in the Liberator of the 5th of 3rd month, I perceive, takes the ground, that the fruits of the unpaid toil of the slave, may be innocently used by those who are earnestly laboring to overthrow slavery, but “not innocently by any other person”!

Strange as it appears to me to see such a position as this taken by one who in time past, occupied so firm a stand upon the other side of the question, I was still more surprised to read in the same editorial, other positions so palpably conflicting with parts of the above.

I have perused subsequent numbers of the Liberator with much expectation of seeing

his late position on the above question, supported by a chain of argument, consistent with itself at least, and could not for a time believe his readers would be obliged to accept that article as the best and only defense that cause would afford. But the very fact that it has been sustained no better, by one whose ability to do justice to a worthy subject cannot be disputed, affords strong evidence to the friends of the free labor enterprise, that their cause stands upon a permanent basis.

He not only alleges that “nothing would be gained” by pressing the free labor subject upon public attention; that it would be “a waste of time,” &c., but sets down as “preposterous and unjust,” those who “attempt to seek the subversion of slavery” by refusing the use of its products, or “attach moral guilt to the consumer.” Yet I understand him to “attach moral guilt to the consumer” by saying that other persons than good abolitionists cannot innocently use those products!

We are told by his editorial, that to regard the consumer of slave labor products, as a supporter of the system, is an “error,” yet the same editorial tells us that these consumers (good abolitionists excepted) are guilty for using them!

He imputes great credit to “the truly conscientious” who abstain, but must have forgotten that those are the individuals who “attach moral guilt to the consumer,” and who therefore lie under this charge of *preposterous injustice*!

He considers it not susceptible of “clear demonstration” that it is wrong to use the productions of slave labor, that it should be “left to the individual conscience,” and that “no man” could reduce the question to practice. Yet after laying down these conscientious grounds for abolitionists, he has argued the anti-abolitionists, as guilty for leaving the subject to “individual conscience,” for not reducing to practice this “impracticality.”

He says the free labor abolitionists “are bound to be rigidly consistent.” Does he mean they only should be so? Are we to ask others to do what we call “impracticality”?

But why are anti-abolitionists “not innocent” in using these products? The answer must be that it is a pro-slavery (slavery sustaining) act. From this conclusion there appears to be no escape. Then we find the ground taken by W. L. Garrison and others to be this; that pro-slavery acts by those who labor in the slave's cause, are *justifiable*!—The pro-slavery church-member nor the voter for the slaveiest slaveholder, need ask for no broader license than this. If anti-slavery labor will stone for the support I render to the slave system, by purchasing of the slaveholder his ill-gotten gains, the same labor will exonerate me from guilt when for a similar reason (pecuniary gain) I vote for Henry Clay and a high tariff. And why may I not with as good a plea purchase John C. Calhoun's slaves and with their (the slaves') consent, set them to work for me while I go forth to advocate the cause of human rights? It need not be replied that the slave would not in this case have a right to give his consent, if he can, as Stephen S. Foster asserts, and as Garrison implies, give his consent to the anti-slavery lecturer to use the proceeds of his unpaid toil after they had passed thro' the hands of his master, he can give that consent to his master. Or in other words, he can consent to be a slave that by virtue of the robberies committed upon him, the advocate of his rights may obtain his food and clothing cheaper, and be thus enabled to devote the more time to the cause of human liberty! But who gave the slave a right to ‘consent’ to a moral wrong? To build up an Anti-Slavery Society upon the alleged justice of using the products of the labor of the slave, as one of its pillars, will be about as wise, as just, as consistent, as to establish a “Free Republic” with slavery for one of its “cornerstones.”

The obvious intent of Garrison's argument is to show the difficulties of abstinence. Why not give the non-abstaining anti-abolitionist, the advantage of these difficulties, and not charge guilt upon individuals in an inverse ratio to the light they possess?

To the church-member or the voter who talks about “the difficulties” of Consecration, he has shown no quarters; yet it has not been conceded nor is it to be taken for granted, that belonging to any church or voting under the United States Constitution, does more to sustain slavery than the use of the products of slave labor. By abstinence from the latter no majority is required to produce an effect, nor is age or sex excluded from the privilege of a vote at the merchant's counter.

It requires but little argument to show that the consumers of any commodity have the entire control over its production and manufacture, and that at their edict the same shall live and prosper, or die.

I understand his position, however, to require of all persons to abstain till they become good abolitionists, then all may with impunity participate with the slaveholder in his plunder!

If it is not a case “admitting of clear demonstration,” that we have no just claim on the fruits of the bondman's toil, will it not be difficult also, to show that the slaveholder has no just right to those products, or at what stage of the process of production, manufacture and transfer, the title becomes clear and valid, so as to warrant their use by those who disclaim all connection with, or support of, the slave system?

B. B. DAVIS.

MILFORD, N. H. June 23d, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

In a city filled with bustle and excitement, a newspaper correspondent has always some topic for a communication. But in a country village, fifty miles from the metropolis, and a dozen miles from every where, the case is different.

A country parson, who has a hundred sermons per annum to write, is often sadly perplexed for subjects. Theological students sometimes say they had rather write a dissertation, than to find a theme on which to write. These hints may furnish some apology for the dryness of my communications.

One cannot but admire the singular inconsistency in some of our political and social arrangements. We punish many kinds of theft for instance, with great severity. Other, and far more atrocious kinds, we reward. To plunder slaves is a crime—eradicates a virtue. It depends on who steals, and what he steals. To steal a dead body from the grave, though it be the body of a slave, is a high offence. But for the master to steal him, the day before he died, body and spirit, and to mortgage, lease, swap or sell him, is one of the highest Christian virtues of the age.—The Spartan law under Lycurgus, that encouraged thefts, by applauding the most adroit thieves, and punishing, not for stealing, but for stealing so awkwardly as to be detected, was not more absurd.

Piracy too is with us a very naughty deed under some circumstances. We have hung and killed many for its commission. One department of it is the Foreign Slave Trade. This, by our laws, is Piracy, and the penalty is Death. And the reason given is, because it is “irreconcileable with the principles of humanity and justice.”

But the Slave Trade is not piracy. If it were, Kentucky hardly grows hemp enough to hang her own baptized pirates, to say nothing of the uncircumcised who are not in the church. This kind of piracy constitutes almost the perfection of American religion. It is the very climax of American patriotism. Only this renders a man eligible to the office of President. James Polk would no more have been President, had he not been a Land Pirate, than he would have been in heaven, had he died a yearago. The same traffick that on the banks of the Tennessee, made him what he is, would, on the shores of the Senate, by our own laws, have sent him to the gibbet. The same bargains that, under the Palms and Plantains of Guinea, would, by our laws, doom a man to the damnation of the gallows, would, under the shadow of our forty thousand Christian steeples, facilitate his elevation, not to the gallows, but to a Doctorship of Divinity. So do degrees of longitude determine degrees of guilt.

Some types of murder, also, we punish with a good deal of rigor. Other types of it are sure passport to honor and glory here, and to heaven hereafter. Rev. Henry Sibley told the Baltimore volunteers, that “the man who fights hardest where the blow falls the thickest, and prays sincerely to the God of battles, that man is the best soldier and the best Christian!” If a neighbor wrongs me, and I kill him, it is murder. If the government tells me to kill the Mexicans, who have never wronged me, and I refuse and desert, then the government kills me. But if I rush on, and destroy indiscriminately men, women, and children, the priest at the altar, the vestal at her devotions, instead of naming it crime, it is baptized as glory, and the nation is impatient to load me with its honors. A Kentucky orator said not long ago, that “if General Taylor is nominated for the Presidency, we will elect him by spontaneous combustion.” So they doubtless would.

Such is the government that our politicians tell us is the best under heaven, and our priests that it was pre-eminently “ordained of God.” Let us dash it in pieces. And the religion that sanctifies it shall be whitened in the same destruction. Slavery is its delight—War its pride. It has already exterminated one whole race of a thousand tribes, and seized upon their lands; theirs since the time to which the memory of man runneth not. Now again, it is at its old work of carnage and plunder. Another nation must be plucked from the galaxy of new republics to glut our insatiable love of tyranny and blood—God save the Commonwealth of Mexico from our Northern hordes, compared with whom, Goth and Vandal were as the angels, who on Judea's plains, sung “Peace on earth, and good will to men.”

Yours and Mexico's,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

SECESSION DOINGS.

It may be alarming to some, while it will encourage to others, to hear that independent spirits in Atwater and Marlborough have been weekly, for some time, discussing the propriety of secession from the Federal Union, on the part of the non-slaveholding States. The meetings were not called for the purpose of listening to trained speakers, but for ascertaining the sentiments of the Buckeye population who are in a state of preparation to believe they can do their own thinking, and speak out their thoughts when they have conceived them. Whatever fastidious criticism might say to the logic and rhetoric displayed at the meetings, (and there was variety of both,) it will not be denied that they were free meetings, of free men, in good earnest, exercising good common sense, on a subject of vital interest.

It is no part of the present object to go into detail, but simply to suggest that an immense growth of manhood might be anticipated from holding similar meetings in every school house throughout Ohio, and indeed in all the free States. There may always be those present who can show the ascendancy of the slave power in the general government, and the position of those who have no direct participation in perpetuating chattelism, but whose feelings revolt at it. The crisis imperatively calls upon us to look at the relation in its nakedness, which we sustain to the vilest institution named in Earth's annals.

If free honest spirits will investigate the matter in primary assemblies, they will enlighten each other, increase self-respect, generate stimulus to the performance of active duty, and furnish an example that even the lethargic will be ambitious to imitate. Light is greatly needed at the present juncture, and it will shine more steadily, though it blaze less brilliantly, by being elicited from many minds. Try it, fellow-citizens, and see when the farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic and the laborer have thrown their thoughts into common stock, whether there will not be intellectual capital sufficient for all practical purposes; and do not fail to observe that there will be more harmony in the disposition to be made of it than you could have believed. If honest men, of common sense, understood each other, a large fraction of their present opposition would fall off like autumn leaves.

Leave your isms of every name at home, be impressed with the conviction that you are each a man, and feel that your interests are identical with all of human kind.

A brief synopsis of the preamble and resolutions offered, discussed and passed at the meetings spoken of, would be, that the legislation of the General Government, up to this time, has been a series of violations of the plain letter of the preamble to that instrument by which Congress professes to be guided; that their acts have neither established justice, promoted the general welfare, nor secured the blessings of liberty, but on the contrary that they have enacted the death of thousands of our fellow men, and the expenditure of millions of treasure in defiance of justice, in disregard of the general welfare for the sole and only purpose of maintaining and extending slavery, and most of this at the cost of those who have a direct interest in its abolition. For these causes, and more especially that even now a war is waging at the slave demon's behest, which if it were not the most wicked, has no parallel for meanness, the time has come to withdraw all aid from those nefarious, murderous doings, wash our hands of the iniquity, and show to the world that we are not merely the professed, but practical advocates of liberty. Two resolutions follow entire.

Resolved, That the reasons which actuate those who formed the Union, namely, “protection from aggression abroad and civil war at home, and as furnishing the best guarantee of our independence and freedom,” should operate with ten-fold force to induce the free and prosperous North to sever the ligature that binds it to its back, the loathsome, putrid carcass of slavery; that every sentiment of honor, every dictate of justice, every feeling of self-respect, imperiously demand that we should rid ourselves of the expense, wash our hands of the guilt and exonerate ourselves from the odium of slavery.

Resolved, That veneration for the Union for its own sake, irrespective of the benefits derivable from it, is not only anti-republican and irrational, but highly pernicious, as it tends to engender and perpetuate abuses that otherwise might not have existed, or would soon terminate.

The prevailing idea amongst the assembly on the occasions referred to, was, that the published proceedings of primary meetings would be preliminary to the calling of a general convention, that as early as possible there may be efficient action. It is hoped that it will claim attention commensurate with its vast importance.

G.

Fruits of Slave-Hunting.—The Carlisle Herald extra announces the death of James H. Kennedy, Esq., of Hagerstown, Md., which occurred suddenly in that borough on Friday morning last. Under the severe injuries he received in the recent riot, Mr. Kennedy has been detained there, confined to his room, patiently awaiting the tedious process of recovery. The evening before his death he was apparently well and in good spirits, and conversed cheerfully with his family and acquaintances. The next morning, between three and four o'clock, he awoke and alarmed the family, complaining of a difficulty of breathing. Physicians were sent for, and were promptly in attendance, but medical relief was unavailable. In a very short time he had ceased to breathe.

The citizens of Carlisle had a meeting, at which resolutions of respect for his memory, and condolence with his widow, were passed.

— We have received the first number of “The Examiner,” an Anti-Slavery paper published in Louisville, Ky., and edited by Mr. Vaughan, at one time the editor of the *True American*. The mechanical execution of the paper is good, and from a hasty observation, we should judge the literary articles so like.

— Under the title of “The Presbyterian Church in America,” a new Church was founded in Cincinnati a few weeks ago, which adheres to the old standards, but resolves that slaveholders and the advocates of slavery cannot be received into its communion.—*Ib.*

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JULY 9, 1847.

“I love agitation when there is cause for it. The alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds.”—*Edmund Burke.*

— Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Annual Meeting.

The next Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at New Lyme, Ashtabula county, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 18th, 19th & 20th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let the friends of Freedom come up in multitudes to the gathering! Let there be such an assemblage as will unknead the heart of the slave, and hasten the day of his redemption! Let all who can possibly attend be there. At a time like this the friends of liberty have not a single man to spare. Now is the hour for action—zeal, energy and firmness are needed now. We must not suffer the victors' shouts of triumph that come up from the plains of Mexico to drown the voices of those who are pleading for humanity. We must not allow the National exultation for triumphs upon the battle-field, and the frenzied love for military glory to roll over the land without an effort to restrain them.

Our duty is plain, our work is before us, and the present is ours to labor in. Shall we be faithful to the trust reposed in us, or renege to the high duty we owe our country, the world, our brother, and our Creator?

Beside the advocates of emancipation in the West, we expect to have with us on that occasion, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, James N. Buffum, Frederick Douglass, Stephen S. Foster, and perhaps others.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Sec'y.

Great Anti-Slavery Conventions.

J. W. WALKER and N. N. SELBY will attend Anti-Slavery Conventions in southern Ohio as follows:

Harvestburg, Warren co., Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th.

Yankeetown, Clermont co., Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

— The above meetings will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., except that at Yankeetown, which will commence at 2 P. M. on the first day, and 10 A. M. on the second.

Let us come together at the Conventions with a desire and a determination to do something for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in southern Ohio.

S. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

“Christian Fellowship—What is implied in it?”

Such is the caption of an article in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, which is designed to show that it is perfectly right for the M. E. Church North to maintain “a friendly and fraternal relation with the Church South.”

It is something to have the friends of the church feel the necessity of defending it, and we are glad that the

cognition of the christian character of that portion which is admitted by all to be pre-eminently slaveholding in both principle and practice. And down in the far South, christian slaveholders, pious plunderers, righteous robbers will point exultingly to it, and see in it an evidence of Methodist toleration and liberality which endorses as good christians, as living branches of the true vine, those who

Flog the backs of Jack and Nell,
And women buy and children sell,
Yet preach all sinners down to hell,
And pray for heavenly union.

Circulate the Documents.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee, it unanimously resolved to request its lecturing agents to make the procuring of subscribers to the Bugle, one of their most prominent duties.

No paper can be sustained without an unceasing effort on the part of its friends; and as this is true of literary, religious, and political journals, it is emphatically so of those devoted to moral reform. Not only is it desirable for the sake of the Publishers of the Bugle that all who wish it well should be constant in season and out of season to increase its subscription list, but the good of the cause also demands it. Lecturing on anti-slavery will call the attention of the people to the subject, but will not fix it there unless addresses are as frequent and as regular as church sermons; and even then, the facts necessary to keep one acquainted with the progress of the cause, and its present and future needs, cannot be presented, and without such knowledge intelligent action cannot result. Sectarian bodies understand this matter, and are as assiduous in extending the circulation of their denominational papers as in establishing regular preaching.

The Bugle is the only paper west of the Alleghenies that advocates Disunion as the duty of abolitionists, and a remedy for slavery; and we would therefore impress upon all the Western friends of this measure the importance of circulating the paper as widely as possible. It has now nearly completed its 2nd volume, and we feel well assured it could enter upon its 3d year with an addition of five hundred names to its subscription list, if its friends for three weeks to come, would exert themselves half as much to ascertain who of their neighbors can be prevailed upon to take it, as they did to learn who paid the best prices for grain—if they are half as diligent in striving to procure subscribers, as they were in disposing to profit of the contents of their granaries. Friends, will you not try? Let us have a good report of your labors before the close of the present volume.

WHO ARE THEY?—A writer in the editorial columns of the Cincinnati Herald, speaking of Liberty party, says

"There are those who still rank with the party, whom, there is reason to believe, are becoming content to direct their efforts rather against the extension of Slavery, than against it as confined to its present limit. For the sake of adding numerical strength to the party, they might perhaps be satisfied with a 'Wilmett Provision' man, if he was not a Slaveholder. And it would probably not require much effort to induce them to unite with others in supporting such a man as Judge McLean, or Silas Wright—men who would never lift a finger to hasten the abolition of Slavery, as it now exists in the States; and their opposition to its extension would be a passive one."

This is not a very flattering picture of the party, although drawn by one of its members, yet we question not its truth and are much obliged to the writer for his testimony. We have been severely censured time and again, for saying, that while we had no doubt there were many in the Liberty party ranks who sincerely desired the abolition of slavery, and would do all they believed to be right to promote it, the fact that a man belonged to the party was no evidence of his abolitionism.

It would have been a satisfaction to some had the writer given the names of those of whom he is suspicious. Is Dr. Bailey one of them? We are almost inclined to suppose he had him in mind, judging from the following paragraph in which he refers to the Dr.'s opinion as to the time of holding the annual nominating convention.

"But now, it would seem, he (the Dr.) is in favor of awaiting the movements of other parties, in order to be affected by them; and to study the means of securing the largest vote. We like the idea of having a large vote; but, at the same time, we like some settled, determined policy—one by which we can understand ourselves, and by which others can know where to find us."

THE Perry (N. Y.) Democrats says, "Our neighborhood has been so thoroughly drained of wheat that it has been somewhat difficult to find enough for home consumption of late. A week or two ago, a farmer of our neighborhood, in view of the foregoing circumstances—and when all others held their wheat at from \$1.75 to \$2—placed a lot in R. H. Smith's mill, in this village, expressly to accommodate the poor and mechanics of the neighborhood—giving directions to the miller not to charge over \$1.50 per bushel, nor to let any one person have more than two to three bushels for their own use."

It is to be hoped that the friends of the unfortunate individual referred to, took good care of him by placing him in a Lunatic Asylum, for his was clearly a case of aberration of mind. What man in his sober sense would sell wheat at \$1.50 when he could get from \$1.75 to \$2.00! The poor fellow was without doubt incapable of taking care of himself.

THE FAIR.

Readers, one and all, what are you doing for the Fair? The time for holding it will soon be here—but a few weeks remain in which you can labor for it. Have you gone to the farmers and merchants, the mechanics and manufacturers in your vicinity, and obtained from as many of them as have the heart to give, such contributions, or the promise of them, as they will bestow? Remember that produce and goods of all kinds will be acceptable. Such of them as cannot be readily transported to the place of holding the Fair, you may easily exchange for such as can?

Have the signers of the call especially, canvassed their neighborhoods, and gathered up all so that nothing shall be lost? If there are those who have left aught undone that they can do, would it not be well for them to attend to it ere long so that every thing may be ready at the appointed time?

AMIABLE IGNORANCE.—Charles J. Ingerson, a modern Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania, and of the most ultra school, in a letter to the editor of the National Intelligencer respecting the Mexican War, very innocently says,

"In future articles, laying aside the sentimental, poetical, and common idle denunciations of war, tell us what harm this one does. You will perceive that I regard it as a national, not a party consideration. In that view, and sober earnest, please to tell us what harm it does to either of the two countries."

Cannot some one enlighten him in regard to this matter, or is it necessary to furnish him, we will not say with intellect, but with common honesty, before he can appreciate the putrefying mass of testimony that the graves of the American and Mexican soldiers alike present; before his eyes can behold the less bones of hundreds that are now bleaching on Southern plains, or his ears hear the cries of anguish that come up from the heart-broken widows and fatherless children of those who have died upon the battle field.

In sober earnest then, what harm does it do to strew God's beautiful plains and valleys with the mangled bodies of those created in the image of the Eternal? What harm does it do to crimson with gore that earth which the hand of the Great Artist adorned with its varied shades of green? What harm does it do to feed human hearts on human blood until they thirst for their prey as only human hyenas can? What harm does it do to tear down Right, to convert earth into hell, and man into a demon? In sober earnest, what harm is there in all these things, Charles J. Ingerson?

Now, I hope it will not be taken amiss, if I make use of Morris' name in answering the letter of his mistress, inasmuch as I apprise her of the fraud, which she did not do.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1847.

Lost Mistress,

The letter you wrote me, and signed my wife's name to, I did not get—as my wife gave it to one of the friends she found on the road. I blamed her for not keeping it though she told me how they said it read. Did you think, Mistress, that I was "free enough without going to the Ohio"? Had I thought so, I should have stayed. Had my wife thought so, think you she would have endured "perils by water, perils by land, perils among the false"? Before reaching Detroit, I ventured to stop at a public house for some water; one man there with a bloated face, having learned that I was a refugee from slavery, said he had half a mind to be a slave himself. I thereupon told him of the vacancies in the neighborhood I had left; and the enraged man kicked me from the door. I have tried slavery, mistress, to my heart's content, and until you can show me "a bill of sale from the Almighty" I shall be in no hurry to return and partake of the "tender mercies" of slavery. My wife says it was more for the children's than her own sake, that she periled all for liberty. She could not endure the thought that little Van, five years old, and Lorilla, ten, should never be permitted to learn the letters that spell the Savior's name. Some of the friends in the neighborhood of Cincinnati would have liked very much to have had Lorilla stayed and enjoyed the advantages of Mr. Gilmore's School for colored youth. Some one remarked, that so bright a child by being six months, or a year, in a good school, might equal or surpass the letter of her father's mistress.

But I must close, in haste,
Joyfully, no longer yours,

MORRIS.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

THE following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more!

The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

POETRY.

Hymn to the Flowers.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle;
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation, And dew drops on her lonely stars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye, Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high.

Ye bright mossies; that with storied beauty The floor of Nature's temple tessellate, What numerous emblems of instructive duty Your forms create

'Neath cloistered boughs, each bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air, Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth A call to prayer.

Not to the dome where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fame most catholic and solemn, Which God hath planned.

To the Cathedral boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ, thunder—
Its dome, the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander 'Btw' the lone aisle; or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliness nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime;"
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender Your love sublime.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory Arrayed," the lilies ery, "Robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory Are human flowers."

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist, With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming on field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a "memento mori," Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection! Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection, And second birth.

Were I, oh God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines, My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines.

The Dying Slave.

Around his dying bed in grief they gather
To press again their aged chieftain's hand;
To look yet once upon their more than father,
Ere his long journey to the spirit-land.

"Comrades, I go!—I feel the fitter failing
Which binds my prisoned soul to things of earth:
Chieftains, I come!—I hear your voices calling
From the green valleys of my land of birth.

"Brethren, farewell!—let not your tears be flowing
For one whom death releases from the chain;
Rather rejoice in the glad bliss of knowing
I soon shall see our Africa again.

"Oh, suffer not the white men to deceive you!
They seek to steal from you our father's faith—
This still is yours—and let it never leave you,
Until your hearts are stilled for aye in death.

"Tis true they tell you of a God most holy,
A Being who delights in deeds of love,
One who regards most the meek and lowly;
But their own deeds their faith a falsehood prove.

"Your Christian tyrants hate, and hate forever!
Who loves the arrow which has pierced his soul?

Free are your spirits—let the white man never With creeds of faith that freedom dare control."

He ceased—and quietly his wearied spirit Passed though the portals of its earthly home,
A fairer land than Afric to inherit,
Where the man-stealing tyrant may not come.

B. S. J.

THE RICH.

They are the rich whose treasures lie In hearts, not hands—in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And mercy's tear.

THE POOR.

They are the poor, who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,
Or shun for more:—

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,
Whose lips no generous duty plead;
Go, mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor, indeed!

SONNET.

Seek for high conquest! Let there be strife
For what is just and noble in thy soul;
Never submit to Error's stern control,
But follow the commander, Truth, through life.
Not by the rattling drum, the screaming file,
The clangling trumpet, are his soldiers led;
Not with fierce passions are their bosoms rife;
No field encumbered with the ghastly dead,
No smoking city tells how sword and fire
Have scattered ruin, misery, despair;
But his small army march in triumph, where
Smile joy and plenty, and to heaven aspire
Glad hymns of Freedom, such as filled
the air.
When Israel's rescue rang from Miriam's lyre.
P. B.
Olive Branch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

St. Giles and St. James.

This is the title of a recent work by Douglass Jerrold, which is designed to create a sympathy for those whose infant tongues were never taught to lip the name of virtue, and whose after lives did credit to their early teachings.

We have not seen the work, but judging of its merits by the following extract, we can but think it will do good.

CHAPTER X.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sinking, withering, under sentence of death.

After a time he never cried, or clamed; he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair; but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idiocy was growing on him. The ordinary—a good, zealous man—endeavored, by soothing, hopeful words, to lead this prisoner, as the jail phrase has it, to a sense of his condition.

Never had St. Giles received such teaching! Condemned to die, for he the first time heard of the abounding love of Christianity—of the goodness and affection due from man to man. The story seemed odd to him; strange, very strange; yet he supposed it was all true.

"Did not 'o' that, my boy?" said St. Giles gloomily; "But I didn't steal it: 'twas all along o' Tom Blast; and now he's got off; and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call that justice, no how, do you? But I don't care; they may do what they like with me; I'll be game."

"No, my dear boy, you must know better; you must, indeed—you must give all your thoughts to prayer, and—"

"It's o' no use, Mister; I tell you I never was learnt to pray, and I don't know how to go about it. More than that, I feel somehow ashamed to it. And besides, for all you talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me, I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as you call it; for I can't see why Christians should want to kill me if Christians are such good people as you talk about."

"But then, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "though young, you must remember, you're an old sinner. You've done much wickedness."

"I never done nothing but what I was taught; and if you say—and Bob there's been reading it to me—that the true Christian forgives every body—well then, in course, the judge and all the nobs are no Christians, else wouldn't they forgive me? Wouldn't they like it so, to teach me better, and not to kill me? But I don't mind; I'll be game; see if I don't be game—preachin'!"

The ordinary, with a perplexed look, sighed deeply. The sad condition of the boy, the horrid death awaiting him, the natural shrewdness with which he combated the arguments employed for his conversion, affected the worthy clergyman beyond all past experience. "Miserable little wretch!" he thought, "it will be the worst of murders, if he dies thus." And then, again, he essayed to soften the child felon, who seemed determined to stand at issue with his spiritual counsellor; to recede no step, but to the gallows foot to defy him. It would be his ambition, his glory, if he must die, to die game. He had heard the praises bestowed upon such a death—had known the contemptuous jeering flung upon the repentant raven— and he would be the theme of eulogy in Hog Lane—he would not be laughed, sneered at, for "dying dunghill!" And this temper so grew and strengthened in St. Giles, that, at length, the ordinary, wearied and hopeless, left his dolor charge, promising soon to return, and hoping, in his own words, to find the prisoner "a kinder, better, and more Christian boy."

"It's no use your reading that stuff to me," said St. Giles, as the turnkey was about to resume his book; "I don't understand nothing of it; and it's too late to learn. But I say, can't you tell us somethin' of Turpin or Jack Sheppard, eh? Something prime, to give us pluck!"

"Come, come," answered the man, "it's no use going on in this way. You must be quiet and listen to me; it's all for your good, I tell you; all for your good."

"My good! Well, that's pretty gammon, said Mrs. Anised, as she left Newgate weeping; having taken her farewell of the young transport. "He's gone forever from us."

"Not he," said Bright Jem; we shall see him again another teller quite—a true man, yet; I'm sure of it."

Whether Bright Jem was a true prophet will in due season be discovered by the patient reader of the next chapters.

TRUE.—There is no such thing as non-education. Every human being is educated; that is to say every human being derives principles of conduct and habits of action from the authority, the conversation and the example of those by whom he is surrounded. The thief is educated, and the pickpocket is most sedulously educated. There is no school in the world where more heed is given to the progress of the pupil than that in which a Fagin acts as a master, and an artful Dodger as head assistant! Obscenity and Blasphemy have their professors, whose lectures are very effective in training efficient pupils. Vice opens schools as well as virtue; crime has rewards for the zealous, and punishments for the refractory, quite as efficacious as those at the disposal of rectitude. Let this great truth once be thoroughly apprehended.

"What's the use of thinking about it?" asked St. Giles. "I know nothing of it."

"That, my boy, is because you are obstinate, and I am sorry to say it, wicked; and so won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if

you would give all your heart and soul to prayer—"

"I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray," cried St. Giles, moodily; "and what's the use of praying?"

"You would find it open your heart, St. Giles; and though you see nothing now, if you were only to pray long and truly, you would find the darkness go away from your eyes, and you'd see such bright and beautiful things about you, and you'd feel as light and happy as if you had wings at your back—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that all we are doing for you is for the best; then, my poor boy," said the ordinary with growing fervor, "then you'd feel what Christian love is."

"Robert's been reading to me about that," said St. Giles, "but I can't make it out no how. He says that Christian love means that we should do to nobody what we wouldn't like nobody to do to ourselves."

"A good boy," said the ordinary, "that is the meaning, though not the words. I'm glad you've so improved."

"And for all that, you tell me that I must think o' dying; think of another world and all that; think of going to Tyburn, and, and—here the boy fell hoarse; his face turned ashy, and reeling, he was about to fall, when the ordinary caught him in his arms, and again placed him on the seat. "It's nothin'—nothin' at all," cried St. Giles, struggling with himself—"I'm all right; I'm glad."

"Don't say that, child; I can't hear you say that; I would rather see you in tears and pain than trying to be game, as you call it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to wickedness. Come, we were talking of Christian love," said the ordinary.

"I know nothin' about it," said St. Giles; "all I know is this—it's not true; it can't be true."

"Tell me; why not? Come, let me hear all you'd say," urged the clergyman tenderly.

"Cause if it means that nobody would like to do themselves, why does anybody keep me locked up here? Why did the judge say I was to be—you know, Mister?"

"That was for doing wrong, my boy: that was for your first want of Christian love. You were no Christian when you stole the horse," said the ordinary. "Had the horse been yours, you would have felt wronged and injured had it been stolen from you—You see that, eh, my boy?"

" Didn't think o' that," said St. Giles gloomily; "But I didn't steal it: 'twas all along o' Tom Blast; and now he's got off; and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call that justice, no how, do you? But I don't care; they may do what they like with me; I'll be game."

"No, my dear boy, you must know better; you must, indeed—you must give all your thoughts to prayer, and—"

"It's o' no use, Mister; I tell you I never was learnt to pray, and I don't know how to go about it. More than that, I feel somehow ashamed to it. And besides, for all you talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me, I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as you call it; for I can't see why Christians should want to kill me if Christians are such good people as you talk about."

"But then, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "though young, you must remember, you're an old sinner. You've done much wickedness."

"I never done nothing but what I was taught; and if you say—and Bob there's been reading it to me—that the true Christian forgives every body—well then, in course, the judge and all the nobs are no Christians, else wouldn't they forgive me? Wouldn't they like it so, to teach me better, and not to kill me? But I don't mind; I'll be game; see if I don't be game—preachin'!"

"Now, I hope we shall have no more o' that," was the only answer of St. Giles.

The ordinary was about to quit the cell, when the door was opened, and the governor or the jail, attended by the head turnkey, entered. "My dear sir, I am glad to find you here!" said the governor to the ordinary. "I have a pleasing duty to perform: a duty that I know it will delight you to witness." The ordinary glanced at a paper held by the governor; his eyes brightened; and clasping his hands, he fervently uttered, "Thank God!"

The governor then turned to St. Giles, who suddenly looked anxious and restless. "Prisoner," he said, "it is my happiness to inform you that his gracious majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your life—You will not suffer with the unfortunate me to-morrow. You understand me, boy—for St. Giles looked suddenly stupefied—"you understand me, that the good king, whom you should ever pray for, has, in the hope that you will turn from the wickedness of your ways, determined to spare your life—I You will be sent out of this country; and time given you that, if you properly use, will make you a good and honest man."

St. Giles made no answer, but trembled violently from head to foot. Then his face flushed red as flame, and covering it with his hands, he fell upon his knees; and the tears ran streaming through his fingers. "Pray with me; pray for me!" he cried, in a broken voice, to the ordinary.

And the ordinary knelt, and rendered up "humble and hearty thanks" for the mercy of the king!

We will not linger in the prison; St. Giles was destined for Botany Bay. Mr. Capstick was delighted, in his own way, that the ends of justice would be satisfied; and whilst he rejoiced with the triumph of justice, he did not forget the evil doer; for St. Giles received a packet from the muffin maker containing sundry little comforts for his voyage.

"We shall never see him again, Jem," said Mrs. Anised, as she left Newgate weeping; having taken her farewell of the young transport. "He's gone forever from us."

"Not he," said Bright Jem; we shall see him again another teller quite—a true man, yet; I'm sure of it."

Whether Bright Jem was a true prophet will in due season be discovered by the patient reader of the next chapters.

TRUE.—There is no such thing as non-education. Every human being is educated; that is to say every human being derives principles of conduct and habits of action from the authority, the conversation and the example of those by whom he is surrounded.

The thief is educated, and the pickpocket is most sedulously educated. There is no school in the world where more heed is given to the progress of the pupil than that in which a Fagin acts as a master, and an artful Dodger as head assistant! Obscenity and Blasphemy have their professors, whose lectures are very effective in training efficient pupils. Vice opens schools as well as virtue; crime has rewards for the zealous, and punishments for the refractory, quite as efficacious as those at the disposal of rectitude.

Such was the question—the foolish, idle, yet flattering question that his soul put

to itself. All his recollections of the glory of Turpin and Sheppard crowded upon him—and what greater glory would it be for him if he could escape! He, a boy, to do this! He to be sung in ballads; to be talked of, buzzed, and held up for high example, long after he should be dead—passed forever from the world! The proud thought glowed within him; made his heart heave, and his eyes sparkle. And then he looked about his cell, and the utter hopelessness of the thought fell upon him, withering his heart. Yet again and again—although to be crushed with new despair—he gazed about him, dreaming of liberty without the wall of flint. And thus his waking hours passed; and thus, in the visions of the night, his spirit basted itself in hope.

The Tuesday morning came, and again, the clergyman visited the prisoner.

"The boy looked paler, thinner—no more. There was no softness in his eyes, no appealing glance of inquiry.

"He didn't know nothing of what the person had to say, and he didn't want to be bothered. It was all gammon!" These were the words of the boy felon, then—such was the humanity of the law; poor law!

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, may passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor.

"Die without repentance, and you will be lost!"

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, may passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor.

"Die without repentance, and you will be lost!"

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, may passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor.

"Die without repentance, and you will be lost!"

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, may passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor.